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HANCOCK MICH.
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Retailer of

Wines, Spirits and Beer.
Meals Served at All Hours.
Hancock Michigan

August Pelto
Has received a large line of

Fall Goods,
Of the Latest Styles.

AUGUST PELTO, Tailor.
HANCOCK, MICH.
Next to Northwestern Hotel.

H. R. TINE-TABLES.

Passenger Trains on M. R. R. R.
In Effect December 30, 1904.

Passenger Trains on H. & C. R. R.
In Effect December 30, 1904.

THE
D. S. S. Marquette & A. R. R.
ROUTE.

Time Table:
In effect December 15, 1905.

TRAINS LEAVE HOUGHTON
For Detroit and the east..... 12:00 a. m.
For Chicago and Marquette..... 12:25 p. m.

TRAINS ARRIVE HOUGHTON
From Marquette and Chicago..... 11:25 p. m.
From Detroit and the east..... 12:25 p. m.

Map of
Chicago, Milwaukee
St. Paul Railroad.

LAKE SUPERIOR DIVISION

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Portage Lake News.

Several More Cases
Added to the Jan-
uary Term.

Who Knows Caspar Bombach

Relatives in Pittsburg Are Now Look-
ing for Him—Other Interesting
Twins City News.

In addition to the cases already pub-
lished, the following will be upon the cal-
endar of the circuit court for January:
James E. Martin vs. Nicholas Roding, as-
sessment, J. F. Hamblitz and A. T. Streeter.
Caroline Anderson, administratrix to the es-
tate of William Anderson, vs. John Benich and
John Benich vs. William Anderson, Jr.
Emma Van Riper vs. Thomas J. Van Riper,
divorce, J. F. Hamblitz.
Caroline Anderson, administratrix of the es-
tate of William Anderson, vs. John Benich
and the village of Red Jacket, injunction, J. F.
Hamblitz.

J. F. Hamblitz has received a letter
from Pittsburg from heirs of Caspar
Bombach, asking for any information
concerning him. The letter states that
Bombach left Pittsburg in 1849 or 1850
and never returned, but that about a
year ago parties sought out the heirs
and informed them that he had died in
Michigan, possessed of considerable
property in copper mining property,
farming lands, etc. Any information of
Caspar Bombach ever living in this
county may be addressed to Mr.
Hamblitz.

Traveling men are arriving these days
in large numbers. In early days com-
mercial men went home the middle of
December for the holidays and did not
start out again until the latter part of
January, but competition became more
spirited and the men began slipping away
from home earlier to get ahead of some-
one else; until now most of them start
out with the beginning of the year.

The several food inspectors who have
been working throughout the State the
past four months, are now in conference
at Lansing preparing another bulletin
and comparing notes on what they have
accomplished. They report the law as
working satisfactorily and, while too
complicated to get the best results, they
think it will result in great benefit to con-
sumers.

Tomorrow evening occurs the first of a
series of socials to be given by the ladies
of St. Agnes' Guild, of Trinity church, at
Pfeiffer's Hall. A program of tableaux,
charades, and living pictures will be fol-
lowed by refreshments and a general
good time.

The engagement is announced of Miss
Emily Harriet Patch, daughter of Mr.
and Mrs. N. B. Patch, of Buffalo, to Mr.
William H. Barr, of the same city. Miss
Patch is well-known in the copper coun-
try, where the family formerly resided.

The annual party of the social club of
Hancock will be given at St. Patrick's
Hall, Friday evening, January 24. The
Twins City orchestra has been engaged.
This is one of the most pleasantly antici-
pated dances of the season.

It is noticeable that the stagemen with
the best turnouts are doing the bulk of
the business between Hancock and
Houghton. The best seems to be con-
sidered the cheapest.

Applicants for full citizenship papers
should be present on January 20, the day
of the convening of the circuit court, at
10 o'clock that morning with their first
papers.

W. C. O'Leary was yesterday ap-
pointed by the bondsmen of the late M. R.
Redmond to take charge of the Hancock
postoffice pending the filling of the
vacancy.

FOR SALE—A team of driving horses.
Very gentle. One 5 years old and the
other 6 years. Each weighing 1,050
pounds. Apply to W. A. Dunn, Hough-
ton.

The Upper Peninsula hospital for the
insane is now filled to the limit with
patients, although in a few days several
will be discharged, cured.

Snowshoeing promises to become a
fad with Portage Lake ladies. The On-
gaming snow shoe club has given this
sport a great impetus.

C. A. Stringer left yesterday noon to
adjust a fire insurance loss at Republic on
the M. E. church, for one of Wright &
Stringer's companies.

Congressman D. D. Aitkin, of Genesee
county, the only free silver congressman
from this State, is out for the nomina-
tion for governor.

Certain young ladies of Hancock are
preparing to give a leap year party at
St. Patrick's Hall on the evening of Janu-
ary 31.

Reserved seats are now on sale at
Barry's drug store for the presentation of
the "Deestrick Skule" by local amate-
urs.

The annual Houghton county Sunday
school association will convene in one of
the Hancock churches, February 21 and
22.

Monsieur Herla, of Calumet, now has
several classes in French in Hancock and
Houghton and one on the hill.

R. C. Turner, manager of the Frank
Tucker company, was in Houghton yes-
terday.

K. L. Wright is expected home from
Chicago and Milwaukee tomorrow noon.

R. C. Williams, of L'Anse, was up on
business Saturday and Sunday.

The whist club meets this evening with
Mrs. McLean.

SEPARATE BODICES.

Fancy Waists of Silk and Velvet—Long
Coats Again.

Bodices of mirror striped velvet in colors
are very numerous, and in spite of all that
has been said in respect to the decline in
favor of corsets different from skirts,
never was any fancy of fashion so persist-
ent. However dressmakers and manufac-
turers may proclaim the separate waist to
be out of date, it is as much in evidence as
ever for ordinary use and for small even-
ing occasions. Sarah and mousseline de
silk form the latest combination for these
bodies.

Costumes of thick furry or boucle cloth
affect simplicity, these goods not lending
themselves well to decoration. Heavy wool
gowns are trimmed with handkerchiefs of
brail or with gold or silver cord, more
elaborate adornments being left for lighter
materials.

The cape in coarse, heavy plaid goods is
again in vogue this winter for traveling
and morning wear. It is made with a

small capuchin hood, lined with bright
color, and has straight revers in front
finished with large ornamental buttons.

The long princess coat or redingote is
worn in Paris to a considerable extent.
The skirt is necessarily ample, which
makes the garment very heavy. Godets
are arranged below the waist line to give
sufficient fullness to the skirt, and the
front of the coat is double breasted, fasten-
ing with two rows of buttons. The bouf-
fant sleeve is rather close below the elbow,
and the shoulders are covered by a triple
cape similar to the old-fashioned cape. The
garment is brought up to the latest date
by a large, flaring standing collar, lined
with a bright color.

The illustration shows a Louis Quinze
bodie of Saxony blue cloth, with revers of
embroidered cream satin. The skirt is
close in the middle of the front under
coquilles of cream lace. The revers and
collar are edged with ostrich feather trim-
ming, which extends around the short,
full basque. The sleeves, which are large
at the top and close below, have large,
turned back cuffs of white embroidered
satin, bordered with feathers. A high,
draped collar of velvet encircles the neck.

PATIENCE CEASED TO BE A VIRTUE.

Comparisons Prove Too Much For a Peace-
ful Country Editor.

He came in and took a chair near our
desk. We were busy writing a double
headed editorial in which large, cour-
ageous looking capital letters formed a
good sized share. We had Webster's
unabridged open at our side, and three
lead pencils sharpened ready for busi-
ness, while the "devil" stood by with a
butcher knife, ready to sharpen other
pencils as fast as we needed them. We
had just annihilated England, done up
Germany and planted the American hog
in triumph in Berlin, while France and
Spain and Turkey stood trembling as
they wondered when their turn was
coming. Our think tank was seething
and bubbling and burning thoughts
were fast finding utterance in words of
fiery eloquence. It was then he came in
and sat himself down. He tilted his
chair back, elevated his feet to the top
of our desk and scattered enough of real
estate over our papers to raise next
winter's potatoes. Then he laid his hat
on the floor and spoke.

"Fine day," said he. "Very fine,"
we grunted.

"Hope it will rain." Again
"Bair's block is nearly finished." We
made no reply to this remark.

"Is business pretty brisk?"
We said it was booming, having just
received three subscriptions.

"Fine window of Mr. Launder-
fer's," he continued. "Swartz's win-
dow is fine too."

This annoyed us. Then he kept quiet
for ten seconds. "Brockstein has a showy
window," he gurgled. Then he laid
down the pencil and closed the dictio-
nary.

"Punkstawney girls can't touch Big
Run girls for style. Glen Campbell
girls are away ahead of your girls here.
DuBois girls beat yours all hollow," he
went on. We are getting mad.

"Brookville girls 'way ahead of your
girls," said he. "Way behind Rey-
noldsville. Marchland girls much finer."
"What?" we yelled.

"Richmond ladies more stylish," he
piped.

"Richmond be d—d!" and then we
choked.

"You ain't in it with Indiana girls."
That settled the matter. Our blood was
up. We can stand a great deal, but
when it comes to ranking our girls be-
hind Indiana girls that passes the out-
posts of patience. So we gave the fight-
ing editor the tip and turned our eyes
away from the awful sight. The next
day the corner held the inquest—
Punkstawney News.

The invention of a woman.

Mrs. Zonowsky, an American woman,
though the wife of a Russian, has in-
vented a new kind of paper, and has
sold the secret to a Liverpool firm for a
large cash remuneration, with the promise
of future dividends in case of
commercial prosperity. Mrs. Zonowsky
one day left some lead on a window
sill, wrapped in ordinary brown paper,
and when she came back for it she no-
ticed that the under portion of it had
peeled off in a most extraordinary man-
ner, making a thin substance, like a
thin sheet of transparent paper, between
the lead and the actual paper wrapping.

She went to work to investigate, and
after many failures demonstrated by
practical experiment that a new ma-
terial can be manufactured from animal
substance. This material is to be used
for various purposes, such as for making
tissue paper, flowers and artists' paper.

THE LAST PARADE.

They were days to be remembered.
When, at sound of trumpet call,
Young recruits we left the village,
Bent on glory one and all,
And the music round us flashing
Made us feel that evermore
Our lives were worth the living
As they never were before.

I remember the day
When we rode all away
To the dreams that the music made,
And our hopes, one and all,
When the old trumpet call
Rang out clear for our first parade.

It was glorious while it lasted,
But the years went by too soon.
Youth should stay a little longer
When a lad's a bold dragon.
Then, like shadows from us drifting,
Comrades fell in foreign land.
Home again the roll call found us
But a broken little band.

As we rode down the street
To the old measured beat
It was tears that the music made,
And it seemed like a prayer
For the lads who would ne'er
Stand again by our side on parade.

But the marching days are over,
Veterans, now at ease we stand
Till the order comes for marching
To the last and faithful band.
Only, when the troops are passing,
Our ninety years we all forget,
And the old familiar music
Makes us feel we're soldiers yet.

And we're young once again
As we hark to the strain
Till the sounds in the distance fade.
So we wait and wait again
For the last trumpet call
That shall sound for the last parade.

—J. L. Molloy in Temple Bar.

ALMOST PARTED.

"If Colin Delorme would only fall
in love with and marry Miss Campbell,
how nice it would be!" said stout, good
natured Mrs. Gay to her companion in a
loud aside.

"For her—yes," was the curt reply.
"He is wealthy enough in any case, but
what would half of old Campbell's
property be for one brought up as she
has been? I hear the place is mortgaged
heavily, and the old man lost by specu-
lation before he died, so his niece is not
the heiress we fancied. Yes; it would
be a very lucky thing for her if Colin
Delorme should ask her to marry him,
and I have no doubt she would jump at
the chance."

"Madam," said a clear voice at the
woman's chair, which made her start
and glance hastily at the fair young
face above her. "Madam, you honor
myself and my affairs too greatly."

"Voice and face belonged to the girl
of whom they had been speaking, Honor
Campbell, and as the gossip murmured
forth some sort of apology she turned
and glided from the room, every pulse
in her body quivering with anger,
wounded pride and perhaps a far keener
pain.

Why had she allowed herself to be
coaxed into appearing among the guests
of her cousin, to whom the old man laid
so recently in his grave was nothing,
while to her he had been dead as a
father?

Why had she brought her mourning
robes and her mourning heart forth
from retirement, even when friends
pleaded with her to do so?

And they thought her poor enough
"to jump at the chance" of marrying
Colin Delorme because he was to share
her uncle's possessions? With her and
wealth of his own—Colin Delorme,
with his frank, handsome face, and his
cheery voice and his heart of gold,
which any living woman might prize
more than the crown of a king!

How heartless and material people
were, thought herself, as she went hur-
riedly out to the little garden, which
sloped down to a sheltered spot—a dell
often visited by her.

In the path, with its checkered light,
she came face to face with the object of
her thoughts—Colin Delorme.

"How pale you are, Honor!" he said
to her, looking with eyes of tenderness
which she did not see into her young
face.

"Are you ill?"
"Thank you, no."

"Then let me tell you what I have
been thinking of, Honor. Our uncle di-
vided all he had between us. Let us
make no division, dear—and let us join
our lives and leave the old place as it is.
Do you think I could make you happy
as my wife, Honor, my darling? I would
risk my life in my hands? Honor,
you are as white as death. Have I start-
led you? I thought you knew my heart
this long time. I know uncle did."

Had he said such words to her but
the previous day, but an hour before,
gladly she would have put out her hands
to him and said:

"Yes, Colin. I know your heart, and
I will trust my life in your hands. It
has known no love save that which you
have taught it, and I am only happy
when you are near me!"

But the words of the gossip were
fresh in her memory, the humiliation
which they aroused still raged hotly in
her breast.

With a low little laugh she turned
from him to gather up the long train of
her black dress, and her gray eyes grew
bitter.

"You are far too generous," she said
coldly. "I learned today that you are
quite expected to ask me to marry you,
Colin, by our kindly acquaintances.
You have not disappointed them—you
have asked me, but I am not yet so poor
in soul if I am in purse. I will not
marry you for the sake of keeping the
old home, dear as it is. Thanks, Colin,
for your generosity. I am not tempted
I take no advantage of it."

His face was quite white as she spoke
those cold, hard words—she who had
ever seemed so sweetly gentle, so softly
womanly to him.

"You put it in a very singular way,
but I suppose you mean that, since you
have no love for me, you will not marry
me for any more material reason," he
said at last. "I am glad of that. I
would not buy a wife. But when you do
accept the hand of some man, Honor,
or my beautiful darling, pray heaven
he may love you as truly as I do. The
old place is yours. I would not touch a
leaf on a tree there. Goodbye, dear!"

Forget that I have spoken to you in this
way—forget that I, loving you, have
been fool enough to fancy you cared for
me."

He turned from her and was gone be-
fore she could control her voice.

And when she stretched out her arms
and cried: "Colin, my love, my dar-
ling, come back! Do not go from me! I
love you—I love you!" he was too far
away to hear or heed, and only a bird,
perched on a branch far above her head,
saw the girl fling herself down among
the grasses of the May time and sob as
if her heart would break.

It did not comfort her so very much,
after all, to know that now too gossip

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report
Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

A CLEVER POLITICAL POEM.

It Was Written by an Irishman During
the Rebellion of 1798.

What is spoken of as "one of the clever-
est political poems ever composed"
has recently come under the notice of a
contributor to a northern contemporary,
the Dundee Advertiser. It was written
by Arthur Connor (or O'Connor), the
friend of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and,
like him, a prominent figure in the Irish
rebellion of 1798. He was arrested at
Margate that year, when on his way to
France on a secret mission. After being
detained in Kilmallock jail for some
time, he was at length removed, with
other political prisoners, to Fort George
in Scotland. It was while on his way
thither that he distributed copies of the
following poem, which was regarded as
a proof of his return to loyalty:

The pomp of courts and pride of kings
I prize above all earthly things,
I love my country, but the king—
Above all men his praise I sing.
The royal banners are displayed
And may success the standard aid
Of France, the liberties and laws!

If the above lines be read continuously,
ly, they seem to express very loyal sen-
timents. But if you read the first line
of the first verse, and then the first line
of the second verse, you will find that
they breathe the spirit of rampant re-
bellion:

The pomp of courts and pride of kings
I prize above all earthly things,
I love my country, but the king—
Above all men his praise I sing.

Defeat and ruin seize the cause!
Of France, the liberties and laws!

Arthur O'Connor ultimately made his
way to France, where, in 1807, he mar-
ried the daughter of the Marquis de
Condorcet. He entered the French army
and rose to the rank of general. His
death took place in April, 1852, when
he was 87 years of age.

STAGE FRIGHT.

Not the Sight of the Audience, but the
Sound, the Cause of It, an Actor Says.

In discussing stage fright an old actor
said:

"It is not the sight of the audience so
much as its sound that worries the be-
ginner. Probably very few persons real-
ize what noise an average audience
makes. It is not loud or definite, but a
steady expressed hum, like the whir
of the Broadway cable. It is the com-
bination of these little noises which are
present in every large assemblage, no
matter how attentive and respectful.
One moves an arm, another adjusts a
skirt, a third rustles a programme, a
fourth coughs, and so on. It is the
strangeness and indefiniteness of the
conglomerate of these sounds that start-
les and upsets the beginner. He cannot
analyze them, and they sound angry
and threatening to him."

"I know that I did not get accus-
tomed to the noise for some nights.
The first time I went on the stage I did
not see the audience at all, for the foot-
lights seemed so high and broad that
they made a wall of fire beyond which
I could see nothing. The murmur of the
audience on the other side of that wall
was awful. I quaked with the feeling of
a wretch pursued by a mob and convinced
that there is no escape."

"It is popularly supposed that only
beginners suffer from stage fright, and
that it soon disappears. There are suc-
cessful actors and actresses who have at-
tacks of the same sort every time they
go on the stage, and who will never get
over them."—New York Sun.

An Egg With a Golden Yolk.

A characteristic story is being told of
a well known Parisian actor who re-
cently found himself in a small town in
the south of France, where an entertain-
ment was about to be given for the
benefit of the poor. One of the prom-
oters begged him to take part in it, a
proposition to which he readily assented,
and no sooner did his name appear on
the bills than tickets went like wild-
fire, and the success of the entertain-
ment was something unprecedented.

The mayor naturally felt grateful,
and turned over in his proxy and pom-
pous mind what could be done by way
of acknowledgment. He asked the actor
to breakfast with him and a few friends,
and placed before him an egg in which
10 golden louis had been concealed.

The actor took a spoonful, and dis-
covering the contents, ceased eating.
The other guests, who were in the secret,
watched him attentively, and the hostess
inquired why he did not finish the egg.

"Madam," he replied, "I never touch
the yolk."

"Do you throw it away?" she asked
in astonishment.

"No; I always leave it for the poor."
Tablet!—Paris Journal.

The Modern Store.

Obliging Clerk—Ten yards of broad-
ed satin—there are you, ma'am! En'g
else—

Customer—Er—yes, a kit of mack-
ered—

"Yes'm. Send 'em home!"
"I see you have some very fine laces,
I see—"

"The rarest, ma'am. A few yards off
this piece?"
"Well, yes. Send eight yards and a
load of coal!"

"Exactly. And the ribbons!"
"Send 20 yards of the pink and a
bale of hay!"

"Um-huh! Now, as to the wrap.
Here's a beauty for—"
"That will do. Send it with a bushel
of turnips and a barrel of lime!"
"So! And the silk muffer—want it,
think?"
"Oh—I—yes; you might send it with
a thousand lay shagbushes, a peck of
catkins, a pair of tongs, a bolt of tidy cot-
ton and a load of tanbark!"